

19
THE
SECRET HISTORY
OF THE
Calves-Head Club,
OR, THE
REPUBLICAN
UNMASQU'D:

Wherein is fully shewn
The Religion of the CALVES-HEAD Heroes,
In their Anniversary Thanksgiving Songs on the
Thirity of *January*, by them called
ANTHEMS;

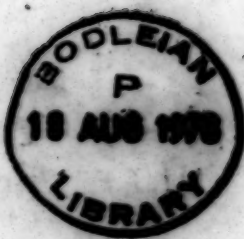
For the Years 1693, 1694, 1695, 1696, 1697.

NOW PUBLISHED,
To demonstrate the Restless, Implacable Spirit of
a certain Party still among us, who are never to
be satisfied till the present Establishment in Church
and State is Subverted.

Discite justitiam mentes, & non temere Divos.

Virg.

DUBLIN, Reprinted in the Year, 1705.



THE P R E F A C E.

THE following Collection has been so industriously handed up and down, where it was thought it would be well received, and confirm those Principles which too many have unhappily sucked in, and raise the Confidence of those who were thought too bashful by their Party, that some honest Men have thought there could be no more Effectual Remedy for the Mischief it might do, or any surer way to stop the Career, than a Publication. For the many may presume, that under the disguise of Mirth, and the Protection of a Free Conversation, they might safely venture to make an Experiment how far the Poison wou'd work upon the Underscrning of untry'd Constitutions, especially when Rhime and Musick were the Vehicles, and Under the Rose was the Word; yet it is believed, when the Malignity of the Draught is Publickly discover'd, few will venture upon it without a sufficient Antidote; and fewer have the Hardiness to Administer it.

These Lines (for such Ribbaldry and Trash deserve not the Name of Poems) were compos'd and set to Musick for the use of the Calves-Head Club, which was erected by an Impudent Sett of People, who have their Feast of Calves-Heads in several Parts of the Town, on the 30th of January, in Derision of the Day, and Defiance of Monarchy; at divers of which Meetings, the following Compositions were sung, and in Affront to the Church call'd Anthems. These which are here Publish'd, are said to have been Written by Mr. Benj. Bridgewater, and that he was largely rewarded by the Members of the Club for his Poem. Whether Mr. Stevens was so well gratify'd for his Sermons to the same Tune, and on the same Days, is more than the Publisher dares say, but perhaps the Pulpit was a Bar to his Pretensions, and the Poet had been better rewarded than the Preacher, had his Sermons been put into Rhime,

However, it is hoped, that this Publication may give a Check to the Bad of the Example, and destroy the Continuance of the Practice, or at least give fair Warning, and take away the Pretence of Surprise from those who shall proceed to insult the Government in so Saucy and so Villainous a Manner.

But whatever the Success may be, the Publisher doubts not but his Intentions are justify'd, and wishes the Effect may demonstrate the Reasonableness of them, by putting an End to so Unchristian and Scandalous a Practice.

S

A

in
P
o
in
h
m
m

F
h
o
h

(5)

THE
SECRET HISTORY
OF THE
Calves-Head Club.

When Erected, and where Kept, &c.

TIS a prodigious thing to consider, (and for the Honour of my Native Country, I wish I cou'd say it was a false imputation upon her) that the execrable Regicide of King *Charles the First*, shou'd find any Advocates or Abettors still among us.

I say 'tis prodigious, that after the whole Nation, by their Representatives in Parliament assembled; has Enacted so solemn a detestation of this unnatural Parricide, and appointed a Day of Humiliation for it, to continue to all Ages of the World, there should be such a set of *Bontefews* yet remaining; so impudently audacious, as to justify a Crime for which the Three Kingdoms have smarted so severely; and in their wicked merriment, to act over, as much as in them lies, that Tragical Scene, which has justly made us infamous in the remotest corners of the Universe.

Was it not enough that a Powerful Prince, allied to most of the Crown'd Heads in Christendom, was despoil'd of that just Authority, wherewith the Laws of God and Man had invested him, and lastly of his Life; but that he must be most barbarously persecuted after his Death, and suffer those indignities in his Memory when dead, which he had so plentifully suffer'd in his Person when living?

There is a time when the most implacable malice is satiated, and exerts it self no longer. The most savage Nations seldom or never carried their resentments beyond the Grave; and thought it a piece of barbarous Cowardice, to insult upon the Ashes of those that cou'd not speak for themselves.

But

But the Royal Martyr has been treated, if 'tis possible, with more inhumanity after his desollation, than he was expoed to when under the power of his Rebellious Subjects. He is not only been stigmatiz'd by the odious name of Tyrant, who was in truth the best and most merciful Father of his Country, and loaded with a Thousand undeserv'd Calumnies; but what shows the restless malice of his Adversaries, even that incomparable Book of Devotion, compos'd by him in his Solitude and the time of his deepest Afflictions, and which no Pen but his own cou'd have written, has been adjudged from him by a * late mercenary Author; although 'tis certain, to any Man at least that can distinguish Stiles that the Person, to whom the Republicans ascribe it was no more capable of writing so excellent a Piece, then the aforesaid Compiler of *'Milton's Life*, of Writing an Orthodox System of the Mysteries of Christianity.

Thus as he was torn from his Queen and Children in his Lite, he was Robb'd, as far as it lay in the power of his malicious Enemies, even of the legitimate issue of his Brain: Tho' as Truth, but especially Truth injuriously oppress'd, never wants some generous hands to defend its Cause; so all the Arguments that have been used by the Republicans, to prove it a spurious piece, hath been fully answer'd by a worthy * Divine now living beyond all possibility of a Reply.

The Barbarity of his Enemies stopt not here; for not content to have Assassinated his Person and Reputation, they even dispossessed him of his Sepulchre (a piece of Cruelty, which none but thorow-pac'd Villians ever executed) for when the Long † Parliament had Voted an Honourable Interment for their late Prince, who had suffer'd so unjustly, all was stopt, by reason that the Persons order'd to regulate the Ceremony, when they came to examine the Royal Coffin, found the Body missing.

This puts me in mind of what a worthy Gentleman, who Travell'd with my Lord A— into *Italy*, told me some years ago, viz. that during his short stay at *Bearn* in *Switzerland*, a Syndic of the Town, who used frequently to visit Major General *Ludlow*, when he lived in those Parts, assured him, that he had often heard *Ludlow*, in a vaunting manner, affirm, That tho' *Ireton* and *Cromwell* were buried under *Tyburn*, yet 'twas a comfort to him, that the Royal Martyr kept them company; for, says he, foreseeing that his Son would undoubtedly come in, we took care that his Father's Body should not be Idolatrously worshipped by the *Cavaliers*; and therefore privately remov'd it to the place of Common Execution.

* See *J. Toland's Life of Milton*.
Preface to the *King's Trial*,

† Dr. *Wagstaff*.

‡ See Dr. *Nelson's*

Whether the Matter of Fact, as *Ludlow* related it, be true or false, 'tis not material here to enquire; tho' I think nothing can give any honest Man a juster and greater Aversion to the Libertines of that Party, than to observe that their Malice has no bounds, and that it neither spares the Dead nor the Living.

But of all the Indignities offer'd to the *Manes* of this injur'd Prince, nothing in my Opinion comes up to the Inhumanity and Prophaness of the *Calves-Head Club*.

For my part, I was of Opinion at First, that the Story was purely contriv'd on purpose to render the *Republicans* more odious than they deserv'd; for I cou'd not imagine how any Men that pretended to be *Christians*, or call'd themselves *Englishmen*, cou'd calmly, and sedately Applaud an Action, condemn'd not only by the Word of GOD, but by the Laws of the Land, to which they pretend to pay so great a Difference.

As for the Regicides, who were actually concern'd in this execrable Tragedy, this may be said however in Favour of them (if I may be allow'd so to express my self towards Criminals of that Magnitude) that having gone so far in their Wickedness, and given His Majesty such insupportable Provocations, and, what is more, measuring his Clemency by their own, they concluded he cou'd never forgive them; and therefore like *Catiline*, found themselves under the Necessity of committing greater Crimes, in order to cover themselves from what was past.

But what can be offer'd to extenuate the Crime of these Atheistical Miscreants, who make That a Matter of their Lewd Mirth, which the whole Nation, has in the most Solemn Manner, ever since lamented, and over their Cups applauded the most wicked Action which the Sun ever beheld.

For this Reason my good Nature made me look upon it as a Fiction upon the Party, till happening in the late Reign, to be in the Company of a certain active Whigg, who in all other respects, was a Man of Probity enough; he assured me, that to his Knowledge 'twas true, that he knew most of the Members of that Club, and that he had been often invited to their Meetings, but that he had always avoided them: Adding, that according to the Principles he was bred up in, he wou'd have made no scruple to have met *Charles* the First, in the Field, and oppos'd him to the utmost of his Power; but that since he was Dead, he had no further Quarrel to him, and looked upon it as a cowardly piece of Villany, below any Man of Honour, to insult upon the Memory of a Prince, who had suffer'd enough in his Life time.

He farther told me, that *Milton*, and some other Creatures of the Commonwealth, had instituted this Club, as he was inform'd, in Opposition to *Bp. Juxon*, *Dr. Sanderson*, *Dr. Hammond*, and other Divines of the Church of

of *England*, who meet privately every 30th of *January*; and, tho' it was under the time of the *Usurpation*, had compil'd a private Form of Service for the day, not much different from what we now find in the *Liturgy*.

That after the *Restoration*, the Eyes of the Government being upon the whole Party, they were obliged to meet with a great deal of Precaution; but now says he, (and this was the Second Year of King *William's* Reign) they meet almost in a Publick manner, and apprehend nothing.

By another Gentleman, who, about Eight Years ago, went out of meer Curiosity to see their Club, and has since furnished me with the following Papers, I was informed, that it was kept in no fix'd House, but that they remov'd as they saw convenient, that the Place they met in when he was with 'em, was in a blind Alley, about *Moresfields*; that the Company wholly consisted of *Independants* and *Anabaptists* (I am glad for the Honour of the *Presbyterians* to set down this Remark) that the Famous *Jerry White*, formerly Chaplain to *Oliver Cromwell*, who no doubt on't came to sanctify with his Pious Exhortions, the Ribbaldry of the Day, said Grace; after the Table-Cloth was removed, the Anniversary *Anthem*, as they impiously call'd it, was sung, and a Calves-Scull fill'd with Wine or other Liquor, and then a Brimmer went about to the Pious Memory of those worthy Patriots that had kill'd the Tyrant, and deliver'd their Country from his Arbitrary Sway; and lastly, a Collection made for the Mercenary Scribler, to which every Man contributed according to his Zeal for the Cause, or the Ability of his Purse.

I have taken care to set down what the Gentleman told me, as faithfully as my Memory wou'd give me leave, and I am perswaded that some Persons that frequent the *Black-Boy* in *Newgate-street*, as they knew the Author of the following Lines, so they know this Account of the *Calves-Head Club* to be true.

Now I will appeal to any unprejudiced *Englishman*, whether such shameful Assemblies ought not to be suppress'd with outmost Diligence.

Let us consider them either in Relation to the Christian Religion we profess, or to common Humanity and good Manners, or lastly, to the Laws of the Land, and they affront all equally.

Therefore I hope the Magistrates, and others whom it Concerns, will take Care, especially now since they have the Countenance of the Government, to prohibit, as far as in them lies, and detest these wicked Meetings, that the Persons there Assembling, may be punish'd as they deserve.

Tho' no Man abominates Persecution more than my Self, yet I will venture to say, that a Sett, of People, who wish the Subversion of our Ecclesiastical and Civil Establishment (as appears by the following Papers) ought to expect no Quarter from our hands.

(2)
Anniversary Anthem, 1693.

1.
ONce more my Muse, resume thy chearful Liré,
Let this Days Acts Eternal thoughts inspire:
Let every smiling Glas with Mirth be Crown'd,
While Healths to *England's* Native Rights go round.

One such another Day as this alone,
Wou'd fully for a Nation's Sins atone:
'Tis a sure Symptom that the People's blest,
When once a Haughty Tyrant's dispossest,
Chor. Apollo's pleas'd, and all the Tuneful Nine,
Rejoyce, and in the Solemn Chorus join.

2.
Again my Muse, immortal *Brutus* sing,
Whose daring Sword expell'd a Tyrant King:
Then bravely fought, and bravely overcame,
To give *Rome* Freedom and Eternal Fame.
Such Force has Liberty, such conquering Charms,
That the whole World submitted to their Arms.
What Wreaths shall we prepare, and how Rehearse
His lasting Worth in Everlasting Verse?
Chor. Apollo's pleas'd, &c.

3.
Triumphant Laurels to must Crown that Head,
Whose Righteous Hand struck *England's* Tyrant Dead:
The *Heroes* too, adorn'd with Blood and Sweat,
Who forc'd th' opposing Monster to Retreat.
Heaven still before a leading Angel sent;
They Conquer'd, 'cause they on his Errand went.
Like the *Israelites* of old, their Chains they broke,
Guided by Pillars, both of Fire and Smoke.
Chor. Appollo's pleas'd, &c.

4.
'Tis Force must pull a lawless Tyrant down;
But give Men knowledge, and the Priest's undone:
When once the the lurking Poison is descry'd,
His Juggling Tricks are all in vain apply'd.
In vain he Whines, in vain he Cants and Prays,
There's not a Man believes one word he says:

B

'Tis

* 'Tis true, Religion is the Grand pretence;
But Power and Wealth's the Mythologick sence.

Chor. Apollo's pleas'd, &c,

5.
Then fill the longing Glass with sprightly Wine,
Our Cause is Justice, and the Health's Divine.
The Heroes Smile, and our Delights approve,
Which adds new Joys to those they find above:
'Twas so they Honour, so they Conquest sought;
Thus fairly Drank, and then as fairly Fought.
They love to see us thus our Homage pay,
And bless the Just occasion of the Day.

Chor. Apollo's pleas'd, &c.

*Anniversary * Anthem, 1694.*

1.
THE Storm is blown over, the Tempest is past,
The Tyrant is fallen, and is Conquer'd at last.
Our Fathers resolv'd it, and bravely 'twas done,
To save the whole Kingdom by Lopping the Crown.
By her Looks we discover'd the Nation was pleas'd,
Her Fears were all vanish'd, her Troubles were eas'd;
Whilst we Yearly commend an Attempt so Divine,
And applaud the Just Action with Calves-Head and Wine.

Chor.

2.
Thus Rome when She suffer'd by Seven * lewd Kings,
That Shackled Her Freedom, and Pinion'd Her Wings,
Long time she set mournful, as England had done,
And bow'd to the Wiegth of a Tyrannous Throne;
Till urg'd with new Griefs, She for Liberty cry'd,
And Liberty Round the glad Eccho reply'd;
Whilst Brutus resolv'd to give Tarquin his Doom,
And offer a King to the Wellfare of Rome.

Chor.

* These two Lines are almost verbatim stolen out of a Copy of Verses in the Stole Collection, Vol 1.
* This seems to be a Parodie of a Song in the Innocent Adultery, call'd the Danger is over.
* Our Author was an admirable Historian, I find. This Epistle of Lewd, can fit none of 'em but Tarquin; but all Kings are alike Criminal; i. e. they are Kings.

When



3.
 When by the Tyrant's endeavours the People are prest,
 Let this Noble Example inspire every Breast,
 With the same Resolutions to defend the *Good Cause*;
 The Subjects Just Rights, their Religion and Laws.
 Then fill the Calves Cranium to a Health so Divine,
 The *Cause*, the *Old Cause* shall ennoble our Wine;
 Charge briskly around, fill it up. fill it full,
 'Tis the Last and Best Service of a Tyrannick Skull.

4.
 Then Boys let's drink a Bumper, since their Actions made us great,
 Let us lay our Trophies at their Feet:
 The Cause gave courage to the Soldiers, taught them how their Foes to beat,
 That alone cou'd free a Captiv'd State.

5.
 Then to Puss Boys, to Puss Boys,
 Let's drink it off thus Boys,
 As our Fathers did, and the World shall us adore;
 It's happier to dye Boys,
 Than in Slavery to lye Boys;
 Thus the Heroes chose it, and bravely died before.

Anniversary Anthem, 1695.

1.
What the Devil means all this pother
 On this Day more than another?
 See! the Sot to Church reels out,
 See! the Leacher leaves his Whore;
 The Rogues, that never pray'd before,
 Are grown most plaguily Devout.

2.
 Prethee Parson, why those Faces,
 Pious Frown and Damn'd Gramaces?
 Why so many Creeds and * Masses,
 Collects, Lessons, and the rest
 Of the Holy Garbidge drest,
 Proper Food for mumbling Asses?

* The usual name that these impudent Sons of Belial bestow upon our Holy Liturgy.

3.

Oh! Sir it's a Debt, they say,
Mother Church must Yearly pay
To her Saints Canonization:
It was the Day in which he fell
A Martyr to the * *Cause of Hell*,
Justly Crown'd with Decollation.

4.

Mirth for us, and generous Wine;
Let the Clergy Cant and Whine,
Preach and prate about Rebellion.

No more * *Beasts of K—s*, good Heaven!
Such as late in Wrath were given,
Two Curst Tyrants, and a Stallion.

5.

May the Banish'd *Tarquin's* Fate,
Be as Just, but not so Great;
Some mean shameful Death attend him:
May Curs'd *Lewis* for Old Scores,
Turn him poorly out of Doors;
Then may some friendly Halter end him.

An Anthem on the 30th of January, 1696.

There was a King of *Scottish* Race, a Man of Muckle might a,
Was never seen in Battles Great, but greatly he would Sh——a;
This K. begot another K. which made the Nation sad a,
Was of the same Religion, an Atheist like his Dad a,
This Monarch wore a picked Beard, and seem'd a Doughty Hero,
As *Dioclesian* Innocent, and Merciful as *Nero*.
The Churches darling Implement, but Scourge of all the People,
He Swore he'd make each Mother's Son Adore their Idol Steeple;
But they perceiving his designs, grew plagy shy and jealous
And timely chopt his *Calve's-Head* off, and sent him to his fellows:
Old * *Rowly* did succeed his Dad. such a King was never seen a,

* See what Virtuous Principles these pretended Saints are of! That call the King's Heroick
Sufferings for the the Laws of the Land, the Liberties of the People, the Constitutions of Parlia-
ments, and the Establish'd Church, Falling for the Cause of Hell. Oh! Excreable Monsters.

* A most admirable Prayer! 'Tis easie to Nic-name 'em Beasts; and there's an end of them all.
* A very fine Character this of a merciful Prince, who restur'd us to our ancient Government and
Liberties: But this shews the Gratitude of this Nation.

He'd

He'd lye with every nasty Drab, but seldom with his Queen a.
 Restless and hot he roul'd about the Town from Whore to Whore a.
 A Merry Monarch as e'er liv'd, yet scandalous and Poor a.
 His Dogs at Council-Board wou'd sit, like Judges in their Furs a,
 'Twas hard to say which had most Wit, the Monarch or his Curs a.
 At last he died, we know not how, but most think by his Brother,
 His Soul to Royal *Tophet* went to see his Dad and Mother.
 The furious *James* Usurp'd the Throne to pull Religion down a;
 But by his Wife and Priest undone, he quickly lost his Crown a.
 To *France* the wand'ring Monarch's trudg'd, in hopes to find relief a,
 Which he is like to have from thence, even when the D--'s blind a.
 Oh! how shou'd we rejoyce and Pray, and never cease to Sing a,
 If * Bishops too were chac'd away, and Banish'd with their King a;
 Then Peace and Plenty wou'd ensue, our Bellies wou'd be full a,
 The enliven'd Isle wou'd Laugh and Smile, as in the days of * *Noll* a.

An Anthem on the 30th of January, 1697.

1.
Touch, now touch the Tuneful Lyre,
 Make the joyful Strings resound;
 The Victory's at last entire,
 With the Royal Victim Crown'd.

2.
 The happy Stroke did soon recover,
 What we long had fought in vain,
 Thus *Ariadne* lost her Lover,
 But the Gods reliev'd her Pain.

3.
 'Twas an Action just and daring,
 Nature smil'd at what they did,
 When our Fathers nothing fearing,
 Made the Haughty Tyrant Bleed.

* Thus we find that the Subversion of the Monarchy is not the only thing this Party aims at but likewise that of the Hierarchy, which must expire both together: So that tho' some Writers in the Reign thought fit to ridicule that saying, of No King no Bishop, as absurd and in Consequential, yet our Fathers lived to see it verified; and I heartily wish their Posterity may never see the Experiment made the second time.

* The Reader is desired to observe how inconsistent these Libertines act to themselves, who can celebrate the Bloody and calamitous Reign of an Usurper, who trampled upon that very Republick, of which they boast so much.

They

4.
They their Sons thus well obliging,
Taught us how this Day to keep,
Who, by Fighting, Storming, Sieging,
Laid the Ravening Wolf asleep.

5.
England long her wrongs sustaining,
Prest beneath her burdens down,
Chose a set of Heroes Daring,
To Chastise the Haughty Crown.

6.
Thus the *Romans*, whose beginning
From an equal Right did Spring,
Abhorring *Romulus* his sinning,
To the Gods transferr'd their King.

7.
Let the * *Black Guard* rail no further,
Nor Blaspheme the Righteous Blow;
Nor miscall that Justice *Murder*,
Which made *Saint* and *Martyr* too.

8.
They and We this Day observing,
Differ only in one thing,
They are Canting, Whining, Starving,
We Rejoycing, Drink and Sing.

9.
Advance the Emblem of the Action!
Fill the *CALVE's* *SCULL* full of Wine,
Drinking ne'er was Counted Faction,
† Men and Gods adore the Wine.

10.
To the Heroes gone before us,
Let's renew the flowing Bowl,
Whilst the Lustre of their Glories,
Shine like Stars from Pole to Pole.

* What Religion these Incendiaries are of, appears by their giving the Loyal and Orthodox
Sons of the best establish'd Church in the World, such ignominious nick-names.

† Admirable Doctrine in the Mouths of Hypocrites, that pretend to so much Sanctity.

FINIS.
